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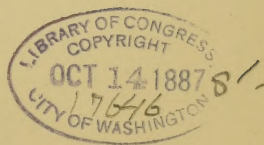
MESSENGERS
OF JOY.

MESSENGERS OF JOY

BY

✓
ANNIE C. McQUEEN.

33
*May sunbeams linger round thy way,
And all things bright be thine to-day.*



HARD & PARSONS:
NEW YORK.

1887

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Brightly
breaks the
Christmas-
morn
With golden
sun-light
from the sky

Sunbeams
wander through the wood,

Glance where quiet waters lie;

Merry, lightsome rovers they,

Making joyous holiday.



Round about
the sturdy mill,

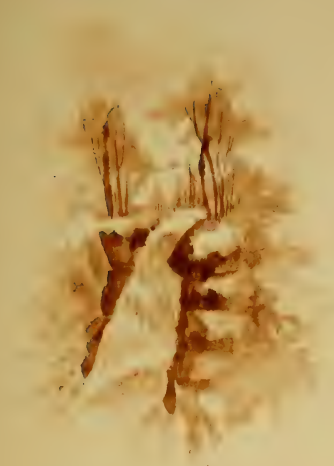
They daily
play at
hide and seek,

Steal in at the open door,

Kiss the gentle housewife's cheek,

Touch the miller's snowy hair

Frolic with the grandchild
fair.



Chase each
other
down
the hill,

To greet the
little
running
brook.

And hail the tiny waterfall,

That sparkles in its hidden nook

Tripping, skipping, to and fro,

In quest of mirth, they brightly
go.



And as they
wander
happily
sprightly

Here and there
in sportive
glee,

Earth is gladdened as they go,

Darksome shadows swiftly flee;

Blessed little sunbeams, they,

Bringing joy for Christmas-
day.



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